

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1878.

WHOLE NUMBER 337.

HOTELS.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL!
STANFORD, KY.

W. F. RAMSEY, Proprietor.

Having taken charge of this Hotel, he is prepared to accommodate the public with good fare and excellent accommodations at low prices. He also keeps a stable in connection with the Hotel.

HUFFMAN HOUSE,
[Late Miller House.]
LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.

I have rented, newly painted, papered and newly furnished this Hotel. Commercial Travelers will find superior accommodations. An excellent

LIVERY STABLE AND BAR

Are connected with this house.

JOHN J. HUFFMAN, Prop'r.

MYERS HOTEL,
STANFORD, KY.

J. B. Owens having this day retired from the business of this Hotel, the undersigned has succeeded to the management of this old and well-known Hotel.

They are determined that it shall be second to no County Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments or Attention to the comfort of guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations to Commercial Travelers. The Bar will be always supplied with the choicest brands of liquors and cigars. An excellent livery is attached.

ST. ASAPH HOTEL,
STANFORD, KY.

THOS. RICHARDS, Prop'r.

OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FEB. 22nd, 1879

FARE, \$2.00 PER DAY.

CENTRALLY LOCATED.

Special Accommodations A. T. Forded Commercial Travelers.

CRAB ORCHARD
SPRINGS

NOW OPEN.

TERMS: \$14 PER WEEK,
OR
\$45 PER MONTH.

Every effort will be made to make visitors comfortable and contented while there.

Kerker's Orchestra has been engaged for the season;

—ALSO—
A competent set of cooks and servants generally.

A liberal discount made to the citizens of Lincoln.

I. S. TEVIS, Manager.
May 30, 1878.BARBER SHOP!
Frank Wilmer, - Proprietor.Offers his professional services to the public.
HAIRCUTTING, HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, SHAMPOOING & DYEING
done in the best and most fashionable style. Shop in the Commercial Hotel.W. CRAIG,
—WITH—
J. & L. SEASONGOOD & CO.,
WHOLESALE
CLOTHING AND FURNISHING HOUSE
8 W. COR 34 & VINE STS.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.J. S. HUGHES
—WITH—
McALPIN, POLK & CO.,
108 FEARL & 119 3rd STS.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.Wholesale Dealers in Importers of
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
NOTIONS AND
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

I will be glad to continue the connection in business with all my old friends, and promise, at all times to protect their interests.

J. S. HUGHES.

PROFESSIONAL.

T. W. & W. E. VARNON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.
Office in Court Square.S. S. MYERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.
Office with Judge Phillips in the Court-house.BRECK JONES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.
Office on Lancaster Street.MAT WALTON, H. C. KAUFFMAN,
WALTON & KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.J. S. & R. W. HOCKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.
Office on Lancaster Street.H. T. HARRIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, LINCOLN CO., KY.
156-4fROBERT BLAIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.
Practices in all the courts of the 5th Judicial District.JAMES G. CARTER, SAM. M. BURDETT,
CARTER & BURDETT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
MT. VERNON, KY.LEE F. HUFFMAN,
SURGEON DENTIST!
Office below the P. O.
STANFORD, KY.
Having received his Mechanical Apparatus, is now prepared to do work in every branch of his business.ARTIFICIAL TEETH
inserted in the most approved style. 156-4f.A. F. MERRIMAN,
DENTAL SURGEON!
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.
Office South side of Main Center of Depot Street. Will remain permanently at his office (until further notice) to attend to those requiring his professional services. Particular attention paid to the preservation and regulation of the natural teeth. Persons from a distance requiring full or partial sets of teeth, can have them inserted in a few days of the art. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required. All communications promptly attended to.

SCHOOLS.

Stanford Female College.

STANFORD, KY.

WITH A FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS
this Institution will open
ITS NINTH SESSION,
—ON THE—
2ND MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, NEXT.ALL THE BRANCHES OF A
THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE
are taught, as well as
MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAW-
ING AND PAINTING.TERMS MODERATE.
In Tuition, prices range from \$25 to \$50 in the regular Departments. Primary, \$25; Intermediate \$30; Preparatory, \$40, and Collegiate, \$50.For full particulars, as to Board, &c., address
MRS. S. C. TRUENHART, Principal,
Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.TARRANT COLLEGE!
CRAB ORCHARD, KY.The Fourth Annual Session of this
First-class School for Young Ladies,
will be commenced Monday,
August 26th, 1878.

Mrs. S. F. H. Tarrant, Principal, and Teacher of French, Higher Mathematics and Elocution.

Miss Mattie E. Coleman, Art and Calisthenics.

Miss Fannie Farley, Assistant Teacher. Miss Flora M. Wheat, Primary.

Board and Tuition in Literary, \$15 per Month; Tuition in Music \$5 per Month; Oil Painting, \$5 per Month.

Send for Catalogue.
Mrs. S. F. H. TARRANT,
Crab Orchard, Ky.

COMMUNISM.

The communistic idea of the State helping the laboring classes is a great error. All such schemes tend in the most direct way to the demoralization of the laborer himself, by relieving him of the necessity of laboring and sacrificing, which, in the order of nature, all must undergo, as the condition of the rewards that attend on industry and economy. If any class of individuals can obtain capital by simply asking for it, it is idle to expect that they will exhibit the self-denial and forethought necessary to the accumulation of capital. When all the motives for practicing these virtues are removed, is it reasonable to suppose that a class, naturally improvident, will voluntarily attempt to improve their condition? Capital can only be created by labor and saving. If every person in the nation were to start off on the first day of next month with an equal sum of money, those only who had thoroughly learned the art of saving would retain and add to their pecuniary wealth. Nothing can help a man who is not determined to help himself.

A DRESS FOR 85 CENTS.—A young lady who is clerk in a store, while faithfully attending to customers yesterday, found time during the intervals of duty to make herself a dress. The pattern was check calico of very small squares, made by brownish bars on a ground of light ashes of rose. The trimming was cardinal red. It was made in basque and overskirt, with sailor's collar. The total cost of the dress, buttons, trimmings, material and all, was only 85 cents, yet it was fit for a Princess to wear. There was a dress for the times, and, better still, a girl for some worthy young man.—[Dubuque (Iowa) Times.]

REMEDY FOR YELLOW FEVER.—In 1830 an American commodore gave a citizen of Houston an antidote for Yellow Fever. It was a teaspoonful of white mustard in a dram of pure whiskey. The citizen says this will prevent any one taking it, and he has passed through half a dozen epidemics without himself or family having it.

A poetical lover ended a poem with what he considered a masterly line: "I kissed her under the silent stars." But the ruthless compositor made it: "I kicked her under the cellar-stairs."

A man was flogging his son on his knee, when the young one bit him. The father said: "What you biting me for?" The son replied: "Who beguned this war?"

When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal time, and gives it sweetened milk—that's a symptom.

Overtasking the Energies.

It is not advisable for any of us to overtask our energies, corporeal or mental, but in the eager pursuit of wealth or fame or knowledge, how many transgress this salutary rule. It must be a matter of great importance to all who do so, to know how they can regain the vigor so recklessly expended. The remedy is neither costly nor difficult to obtain. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is procurable in every city, town and settlement in America, and it compensates for a drain of bodily or mental energy more effectually than any invigorant ever prescribed or advertised. Laboring men, athletes, students, journalists, lawyers, clergymen, physicians, all bear testimony to its wonderfully renovating powers. It increases the capabilities for undergoing fatigue, and counteracts the injurious effects upon the system of exposure, sedentary habits, unhealthy or wearing avocations, or an insalubrious climate, and is a prime alternative, diuretic and blood purifier.

MARKETS.

The retail prices for provisions, &c., are as follows:
Bacon, shoulders.....5c
Bacon, hams.....12 1/2c
Wheat, choice.....25c
Flour, 1st quality.....\$2.50
Butter.....15c
Eggs.....10c
Brown Sugar.....11 1/2c
Coffee.....25c
Rice.....\$2.00
Corns, per barrel.....\$2.25
Coal, on car.....\$1.20
Coal, delivered.....\$1.50Bacon, shoulders.....5 1/2c
Bacon, clear sides.....7 1/2c
Lard.....8c
Butter.....16c
Flour, 1st quality.....\$2.50
Wheat, choice.....25c
Eggs.....10c
Brown Sugar.....11 1/2c
Coffee.....25c
Rice.....\$2.00
Corns, per barrel.....\$2.25
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Corns, per barrel.....\$2.25
Coal, on car.....\$1.20
Coal, delivered.....\$1.50

Wasn't Ready for Him.

Some time since, a well known New Yorker, an intimate friend of the writer, was the owner of a cotton plantation way down in Tennessee. He employed some forty or fifty negroes on the place, including a poor old cripple who hobbled back and forth to the field on crutches. One day a balloonist made an ascension from a neighboring city, and after being up some hours undertook to descend just over the field where the sons of Ham were at work pulling cotton. The aeronaut had gotten down almost within speaking distance when the negroes perceived him. Dropping their baskets and frightened almost out of their wits, they rushed pell-mell for the house. The cripple made but slow headway, and he trembled and shook like a cat on the Maine Central Railway. Presently the balloonist threw out his drag rope and shouted, "Catch that rope!" The old darkey only trembled the more and tried to get away the faster. "Take that rope, you black heathen!" yelled the aeronaut. Then seeing the balloon was nearly down, and fearing the consequences if he refused longer, the old negro caught the rope, got down on his knees, and looking the man in the eyes imploringly, muttered:—"Oh! dear Lord! I see awful glad to see yer! I see hearnt tell you're coming, but dear ole Massa Jesus I didn't spect yer was gwine to cum so soon!"—[Boston Post.]

A Frenchman is interpreting Indian names. He says the Sioux Indians name their paposes after events happening at the time of their birth. As illustrative of this peculiar trait, Red Cloud is known to have taken that name from the fact that the Western sky was overspread with red clouds at the moment of his birth; while the bringing in of a captive horse with a spotted tail gave to another Chief the cognomen of Spotted Tail. Sitting Bull received his name because a buffalo bull was, by a lucky shot, thrown upon his haunches in sight of his mother's resting place at the natal hour; while the struggling of a fractious pony furnished a title for the redoubtable Crazy Horse.

At Sulphur Springs, in Texas, the negroes have succeeded in inaugurating a religious meeting, starting it only a year ago last February, and as there already are indications of an awakening among the congregation, they are seriously thinking of making a protracted meeting of it. It has been said that the negro has little or no poetry in his mental organization, but his making his religious meetings so striking an emblem of eternity would seem to indicate an inner, earnest grasping after a poetic idea, to say the least of it.—[Maj. Hatcher, in Courier-Journal.]

A very remarkable incident occurred on the voyage of one of the ice ships lately arrived at Bombay from America. The vessel was struck by lightning, and the electric fluid passing into the body of the ship through the foremast, pierced a hole some ten feet in diameter through the ice, melting about thirty tons and setting fire to and slightly burning some of the beams of the ship in its passage.

"What's your figure?" asked a bridegroom (putting his hand in his pocket) to the clergyman that had just married him. He meekly replied: "The law allows me two dollars." "Does it?" exclaimed the young husband. "Well, that's liberal. But here's fifty cents more; so now you've two dollars and a half," and away he went, before the poor paragon could explain.

A Michigan man, feeding a tramp toward a long-lost brother of his wife. We suppose this should be taken as a terrible warning against something on other, because he has had to keep on feeding him ever since.

Fifteen Mollie Maguires have been hanged in Pennsylvania, they having been found guilty of murdering five men. This is three lives for a life. Murdering is a business that doesn't pay in Pennsylvania.

Newspaper paragraphs are expected to get up fresh jokes every week, but a circus clown can run the same old joke four million years and always find fools to laugh at it.—[Warrenburg Press.]

"I notice one thing. The man who rides on the cars every day is satisfied with one seat; but the man who rides once a year wants at least four."—[Josh Billings.]

If the sex of the phonograph has not been determined, we suggest that it be called "she," for it always has the last word.—[Norristown Herald.]

"My rule for punctuating," said the hazy-eyed compositor, "is to go it as long as I can hold my breath, and then slap in a period."

How He Sent Them Home.

The keeper of a lager beer garden in this city was last night put to his wits' ends to keep up the well earned reputation of the establishment for good order. Two young men entered arm in arm, their noisy manner showing that they had been round a little too much. Approaching the pair Mr. R. shook hands with them and said, "See here, John, will you please excuse me for a moment, I want to talk with Jake." John consented, and Jake and Mr. R. retired to a short distance from him, when Mr. R. addressing Jake said, "See here, now, Jake, you are a gentleman and a friend of mine, now; John is a little 'off' to-night, and you see the style of people here, and won't you do me the favor of taking him home?" Jake replied, "Mr. R., John is ugly sometimes, and he might get angry with me if I propose to go home before we get some beer." Mr. R. then said, "Oh, well, I will fix that all right; you stay right here and I will go and see John." Going to where John was standing, Mr. R. said:—"John, you are a gentleman and a friend of mine. Jake is a little 'off' to-night, and won't you do me a great favor by taking him home?" John straightened up and said, "Mr. R., you are right; I'll do it." Mr. R. said, "Then go ahead, and call and see me again." The two friends then approached each other, each of them persuading the other to go home, and left together, each happy in the thought that he was doing a great kindness to his companion.—[Rochester Union.]

"Post No Bills."

Rev. Geo. O. Barnes tells a good story of the Rev. Isadore Loventhal, a convert from Judaism, and a distinguished Presbyterian missionary to India. When he first arrived in New York from Germany, then quite a young man, his knowledge of the English language was very imperfect. Starting out to take a look at the metropolis, he saw on a wall the words "Post No Bills." Mistaking this for the name of the street, he fixed it in his mind to guide him on his return and went on with great confidence in his ability to find his way back. Somewhat later, when he found himself hopelessly lost, he astonished a policeman by asking him to direct him to "Post No Bills" street. He then ascertained his mistake, and had great difficulty in finding his lodgings again.—[Lebanon Standard.]

If the Southern policy was adopted only as a shrewd political move to integrate the Democracy and to bring to the support of Republicanism the suffrages of respectable Southern whites, we must consider it on an altogether lower plane than that of one of lofty patriotism and advanced Statesmanship to which the eulogies of Mr. Hayes have assigned it. Regarded as a party measure adopted in the interest of Republicanism, the Southern policy is unquestionably a failure; regarded as a measure reformatory of the evils engendered by carpet-bag government, it is, without doubt, a great success.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

Prof. Stewart, of San Francisco, puts forward this theory as to why earthquakes have become rare in that region: "At all seasons of the year there is vastly more moisture in the air in the Atlantic States than in California, and I firmly believe that our overcharged coast is being constantly relieved of its plus electricity by the iron of the overland railway, and that California earthquakes are now appearing in the form of frightful tornadoes and electrical storms east of the Rocky Mountains."

"Camping and fishing," says the Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal, "can obtain a good light by soaking a common brick in kerosene oil, and on being suspended with wire and ignited, a brilliant light, lasting for half an hour is obtained. This is said by those who have experimented with it to be greatly superior to the torch in general use."

Governor Palmer says: "With no disrespect to Mr. Tilden, I believe if he had mounted his horse and said, 'I am elected President,' the people would have seen seated." Undoubtedly they would—provided the horse hadn't bucked.

All the world over, Baby governs. Yet often disease will overcome the baby, and then it is that Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup proves its worth by conquering the disease. Price 25 cents per bottle.

"The poem of the wood-cutter" sent us appears to be written in logarithm, and with no proper ac-cent.—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

Dr. Mary Walker has the advantage of most men in one respect—she can mend her own breeches.—[Glasgow Times.]

When the dog days are gone it will not be so dog gone war m.

Tim's Kit.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the Post-office the other day to see "Limpy Tim" come among them in a quiet way, and to hear him say—
"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blackin', a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillin'!"
"Going away, Tim?" queried one.
"Not exactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind, just now."
"Goin' on a scurion?" asked another.
"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.
One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily newspaper, put down his money, and said:
"I guess I kin write if you'll give me a pencil."With slow moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:
Died—Lital Tel—of scarlet fever; aged three years. Funeral to-morrow, go on up to Hevin; left own brother.
"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.Tim tried to brace up but he could not. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter and gasped:
"—I had to sell my kit to do it, but he had his arms around my neck when he d-died!"
He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a bare-footed boy left the kit on the door step, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted urchins. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched!—[Detroit Free Press.]

One Love.

The theory that there can be but one true love—that each soul has its single, predestined mate, and can never be truly united to any other—seems to us full of mischief.

This is the way it works. Two persons, believing themselves destined for each other marry. After a time they find that eternal ecstasy which they expected from the reunion of two souls belonging to each other, is not perfect. Then comes the doubt whether they have not been mistaken. Each has chosen the wrong partner.

It is easy to see what misery might be caused by such a theory, so carried out. It is equally easy to see that such a theory has no real foundation. There may be, somewhere in the world, that being who is best qualified to secure the happiness of a certain young gentleman. But in every society of a few score of young ladies he is sure to find some one who will answer nearly the same characteristics.

We find the same types of body and mind very widely scattered. Instead of there being only one for each, there may be hundreds almost equally adapted to attract the love of any one, secure his happiness.
Finally, people who marry with fantastic ideas, false notions, vain hopes, and selfish, mercenary motives, are very likely not to find all the happiness they expect. Can we wonder they do not? Is not the world better off than we could reasonably expect under the circumstances?

How SHE FELT.—A young lady in Frederickton, N. B., had a narrow escape from drowning on Tuesday last. She fell over a wharf and had sunk the third time, and lay on the bottom of the river, when a Mr. Orr put down a pole and fortunately touched her. She describes her sensations as not unpleasant, could distinctly see the people on the wharf, and wondered why they did not assist her; saw the pole coming down, and imagined it of immense size and length. The moment it touched her she clasped it, and says she could have climbed to the moon on it. Mr. Orr says she came up the pole like a squirrel.—[St. John News.]

BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!—It takes a Chicago reporter to scatter the flowers of language. Says one: "So while the palace car was shifting from one track to another, and the tireless wheels, unsated by leagues of travel over mountain, river and prairie, were ringing a response to the tap of the brakeman's hammer, ere they should whirl in myriad revolutions along the last stretch of the vast iron way, a glimpse was gained of costly robes, heavy with gems and jewels, and stiff with the quaint and cunning ornamentation of the Orient."

When the dog days are gone it will not be so dog gone war m.

A Red Nose.

This is one of the shrubs that in a measure reverses nature. It blossoms in greater perfection in crowded cities than in the green fields where nature usually classed as a modest flower, for it wears its blushing honors as an engine does its head-light—in its conspicuous fore-front.

The red nose is a fearful thing to wear. It challenges the admiration of every passer-by—warning them as a signal of danger to keep off the rocks of deep dangers.

In order to color a meerschaum pipe it should be smoked not less than six times a day. To accomplish the same result with the average human nose, the aspirant for this honor should imbibe not less than double this number of mixed drinks, half the number of nicker shooters or the like number of three-masted schooners of beer per diem. We like to be precise about this, as it is only by strict compliance with instructions that a perfect, even color can be accomplished.

The red nose is a sign of courage. It must be a brave man who can see this signal of distress growing redder and redder day by day, and still with trembling hand apply the coloring matter; and then some of these red noses seem to burn and glow, creating a hot atmosphere about them that scorches the eyes, giving them an inflamed, watery look as though the heat was too much for them.

We like to see a large red nose set off with a white collar and white cravat, it brings the colors out in bold relief—the contrasts are fine.

In the old countries, especially in England, among high livers there are red noses of rare proportions, usually with a spongy appearance, and fully as large as a man's fist. These rare specimens have required several generations of lineal descendants to perfect them, the peculiarity being handed down from father to son along with the necessary convivial habits, until perfection was reached. We always feel sorry for the virtuous man who has never enjoyed the Old Crow that "ascendeth me into the brain and formeth beautiful and delectable thoughts," and yet must carry on his face the brand of Cain—a sign of fellowship with the wicked, and a source of suspicious mortification to those who are anxious that all signs should fall.—[L. S. Hardin, in Journal of Agriculture and Farmer.]

There are some people who never speak well of any body. They have an arrow ready for the reputation of all. They are no respectors of persons. The name of an angel would not be safe on their tongues. Though reputation is a sacred treasure, they hand it under their tongue as the seed of the woman would the head of the serpent under its heel. Some of these slanderers are handsome in appearance, while their lips are sealed, but unsealed, and there quickly escapes a malicious hint that turns their whole appearance into abhorrence.

In beautiful contrast, there are others whose whole natures are clothed in benevolence. Wherever they walk the face of nature wears a summer smile, and their footsteps may be traced to the roses that spring up where jeweled feet have pressed. Every eye brightens at their approach, every heart is glad in their presence.

If you would bless yourself and be a blessing to others, let benevolence enthroned herself in your heart, and every inclination to slander be driven out.

"The heart that feels for others' woes, shall find each selfish sorrow less; The breast that heaves benevolent thoughts, reflects happiness shall bless."

A POETRY.—It has been said that the pith of a lady's letter is the postscript, and as an illustration of this, a young lady having gone out to India, and writing home to her friends concludes with the following words:—"P. S.—You will see by my signature that I am married." That the same may sometimes be said of a gentleman's letter is proven by the subjoined, to have been sent by the late Bishop of Norwich. Dr. S., in answer to an invitation given by him: "Mr. O.'s private affairs turn out so badly that he can not have the pleasure of waiting upon his lordship at his agreeable house on Monday next."

N. B.—His wife is dead.—[Chambers's Journal.]

A young man at Rye Beach, while smoking a cigar a few days since, had great difficulty in making it burn. After he had been trying for some time he tore it to pieces. Inside the wrapper he found a two-calibre pistol cartridge. The bullet was pointed toward the mouth end of the cigar. Had he been successful in making the cigar burn but a few moments longer, an explosion would have occurred, as the cartridge was already heated.—[Opelika (Ala.) Observer.]

The Scientific American says: In a recent lecture Dr. H. Maudsley says that one striking feature observed by medical men who have had cases of hallucinations under their charge is that the patients cannot be convinced that the objects they see, the sounds they hear, and smells they perceive have no real existence, and that the sensations they receive are the result of their excited nerves. It frequently happens that a person who suffers from hallucination in respect of one sense has the others unaffected, and is on all other matters perfectly sane. Hearing is most frequently affected and sight next. Several interesting cases were referred to. One of a gentleman actively engaged in business, who believed his body continually gave an unpleasant odor, and consequently kept away from every body as much as he could, and when he was assured that people did not perceive it, always replied that they were too polite. Hallucination may arise either from an idea on which the mind has dwelt, appearing as something exterior, or from excitement of the sensory ganglia. It is said that Newton, Hunter and others could, at will, picture forms to themselves till they appeared to be realities. A successor of Sir John Reynolds, Dr. Wigan records, had the power of painting portraits after seeing his sitters but for a short time at one visit only, and was able at will to reproduce them to himself as exterior realities. As years advanced he found he could not dismiss these forms as he could recall them, and he began to fancy himself haunted, and was for many years in an asylum.

The Great Curses of the Age.

The three great curses of the present age

A HASTY WORD, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

KATHERINE DELAFIELD—young and handsome, self-willed, high-tempered, spoiled, heiress, in her own right, to twenty thousand a year. Philip Meriton, also young and handsome, also self-willed and high-tempered, and the proud possessor of about twenty dollars a week, earned somewhat precariously by his pen; and Mr. Melton, the eminent and wealthy lawyer, also self-willed and high-tempered, and holding the position of guardian to the heiress; these three persons sat together one morning in Mr. Melton's library.

That is to say, the lady sat, the two gentlemen had risen and stood confronting each other, the elder, who had been speaking, somewhat flushed and angry, the younger quiet and very pale; his hand resting upon the table near him was tightly clenched, and his voice trembled slightly as he spoke.

Miss Delafield, flushed and angry like her guardian, and looking all the livelier for that reason, with heightened color, frowning brow, and mutinous, rosy lips, listened in silence to both.

"I cannot deny the truth of your words, sir," Meriton was saying, "and so bitterly galling is the thought, that the epithet, 'fortune-hunter,' may be applied to me, that, if I did not most dearly love Miss Katherine—"

Miss Delafield arose impetuously and placed herself by his side.

"But you do love Katherine!" she cried, "and Katherine loves you, and means to prove it before all the world! Dear guardian, it is of no use objecting; Philip is my heart's choice. I love him, and intend to marry him. I am of age, and my own mistress, and I will have my own way. Philip is too wise and good to make my life his own miserable, because some stupid people—whom we don't know, and for whom we don't care—may say ill-natured things of him; he will bear that for my sake, looking up into his face with a tender smile, and I will make him amends. So, dear guardian, make the best of it, please, for rest assured, I shall be Philip's wife if all the world opposed it!"

The young man put his arm around her, and drew her to him, with a glance of profound affection.

"My darling!" he said. "Alas! why are you not poor? This hateful money will mar all our happiness. Remove it, Kate, and let me provide for my wife—"

"On twenty dollars a week? For that, I think, is your income, Mr. Meriton. Kate, here, thinks nothing of throwing twice that sum away on a single whim at any moment. She would make ducks and drakes of your twenty dollars very quickly. No—no! If this marriage must take place, don't let us have any Quixotic nonsense about it. I have given my opinion and advice, as I was in duty bound to do, and the young lady politely informs me she don't want either; what she evidently does want, Mr. Meriton, is you for a husband; 'en let her have her way, then, as she has had from her birth, and may God help you—I mean bless you—both! Let me know when the affair is to come off, and I'll give away the bride and say no more about it."

"And as for letting you provide for me, dear Philip, rest assured that I could be well content to do so, and would rather—a thousand times—share poverty with you than wealth with any other; but guardily is right in that—I certainly am extravagant and, besides, why should we despise the blessings of good fortune? Let us rather enjoy them, dear, and don't speak any more of my fortune, Philip; remember that from henceforth it is neither 'mine' nor 'yours,' but 'ours'—ours together!"

And on this understanding they were married.

Never more brighter skies or fairer prospects than those that looked at through love's spectacles—spread themselves over the path of life that Mr. and Mrs. Meriton proposed to tread in company.

But fairest skies grow dark with sudden storms, and in the smoothest paths lie sometimes hidden pitfalls, and as when flint and steel encounter sparks ensue, so these proud spirits, undisciplined and untamed, provoked together on equal, and to the man humiliating terms, struck out occasional flashes of fierce temper, whose fire threatened destruction to the fabric of their wedded happiness, even in the first weeks of their honeymoon.

Both were quick-tempered, but Kate (woman like) quick-tongued, too, and possessed a gift of witty and stinging repartee with which Philip found it difficult to cope; the result of this was to make Kate the victor in their battles, Philip generally retiring from the field in dudgeon.

It was not alone his wife's quick tongue, but far more her wealth—and a certain painful sense of dependence upon her, of which his proud and sensitive nature could not free itself, that galled his temper and placed him at a disadvantage; he "tormented himself

constantly with imaginings of how his old companions talked of him, and the hateful little "fortune-hunter" sounding in his fancy, made him start like a steed under the spur; he began to hate this fortune—which had never had any charms for him, and to half-repent his marriage—not with Kate, whom he loved, but with an heiress.

The old time, when he owed no man thanks for a dollar, but toiled for his daily bread, became to him like a pleasant dream gone by, and he looked back to it with keen regret.

Grown morbid in his sensitiveness, the very mention of his wife's riches fretted him; even the luxury in which they lived became distasteful, and poor Kate's thoughtless speeches—of whose quick wit she was some times rather proud—often cut deep as a sharp-edged sword, because of some fancied allusion of them to her detested wealth.

Meantime Kate knew nothing of this. She loved her husband almost to adoration, and if he had but followed her example, and "spoke his mind," undoubtedly she would have put a strong curb on that unruly member, her tongue, by whose free exercise she ignorantly wounded so deep the heart of one, to secure whose happiness she would have sacrificed her own.

Passionate, and out-spoken, when they differed she "said her say," and forgot and forgave immediately; not so with Philip, into whose soul the canker of wounded pride was eating deep; he forgave, indeed, but how little he forgot she discovered when discovery was too late.

They had been married three months, and returning from their European tour had taken up their residence at an elegant villa on the Hudson, and issued invitations for a gay house-warming; there was to be a lawn and garden party in the afternoon, followed by a dinner and ball; Philip had entered into the details of the affair with unusual interest.

All his old friends and companions were coming, and he anticipated, with a certain satisfaction, displaying to their doubtless envious eyes, his beautiful and loving wife, for Kate had been for some days past, gentle and sweet beyond all precedent, and under the influence of her smiles his evil mood was exorcised and his dark fancies laid aside; but

"Alas! how light a cause may move a man's heart!"

Kate had a favorite hound, an old dog, spoiled and useless, but dear to his mistress's heart, and the creature, jealous of a rival in her favor, doubtless, had taken a dislike to Philip, which was most cordially returned. Old Jack was lying on the Terrace steps on the morning of the party, as Mr. Meriton prepared to descend them, and turned his head with a surly growl on being ordered to rise.

He did not obey, and Philip, provoked at his obstinacy, struck at him with the cane he carried.

The dog howled, and the next instant Kate, who had been watching them from a window, rushed out, boiling with indignation, to the rescue of her favorite, and flung her arms around his rough old neck.

"How dare you?" cried. "Poor old Jack! He was my mother's dog, I would as soon you had struck me!"

As ashamed of his haste, Philip looked down confused.

"You spoil him Kate," he said, half sulkily. "He obeys no one. What right had he on the steps when I—"

"What right?" in a towering passion. "What right had you to interfere with him? Are not the steps wide enough for both? I allow no one to strike this dog, sir—poor old creature, toothless and almost blind. It was a coward's act!"

"Kate do you know what I am saying?"

"I do!"—It was false, for she was beside herself with rage—"I say it was a coward's act to strike him! He is my dog, and this is my house, remember, and when you—"

"Stop!" cried Philip, with white lips. "Stop, before you say what I can never pardon. Would to God I had left you, and house, and dog alone together! I have reason to regret my share in them, Heaven knows!"

And flinging his gold and jeweled cane—her gift—upon the ground before her, he sprang impetuously down the steps, and disappeared among the trees.

Kate stood like one stunned, looking after him, until Jack's cold nose, thrust into her warm palm, recalled her to herself. Then she turned upon the poor dog furiously.

"You hateful brute!" she cried. "You have made me quarrel with him. Go from my sight!"

And thrusting him away, she hurried into the house in a passion of sobs and tears.

Noon arriving, and with it several guests, the appearance of peace had to be assumed by the pair, however far away was the reality.

Once, as the day wore on, Kate came upon Philip alone in a sequestered nook, and earnestly begged his pardon.

He so if he loved me? He looked as if he hated me just now. Could it be only for my fortune, after all, that—"

She paused before the thought found full expression, but the first doubts of her husband's faith had never had any charms for him, and to half-repent his marriage—not with Kate, whom he loved, but with an heiress.

"He no longer loves me; did he ever love? Doubtless he had much to gain by marrying me!"

With a gloomy brow and a heavy heart, she rejoined her friends, but though in their presence she recalled her smiles, and talked and laughed with the gayest, the iron had entered deep into her soul, and her hurt pride, and secretly bleeding heart, lent gall and wormwood to her temper and her tongue.

Meantime the merry company sat down, sans ceremony to a *Fete Champetre* on the grass. Philip, whose heart already smote him for his cold reception of his young wife's prayer, hovered around, "making himself useful," as he said, but in reality, seeking to tell her by a look, or silent pressure of the hand, of forgiveness and reconciliation. But he sought in vain. She, who had never been the first to forgive, was hardened now. He poured her wine, he handed cake, he made himself, in various ways, alternately useful and obnoxious to every body. But he won no glance nor smile from Kate. So, becoming desperate at last, he sat down on the grass beside her, and determined that she should look around, took up a piece of bread from her plate, and began to eat it, stopping suddenly.

"Kate," said he, with meaning, "I have to beg your pardon, dear;" then as she turned towards him, added, holding up the crust, "I am eating your bread you see."

It was the simplest thing. He thought she would make some smiling answer, and all would be well with them once more. But instead of that she flashed a cold, contemptuous glance upon him, and in a tone so clear that every one could hear her words, replied:

"You have been doing that, sir, ever since I married you!"

Consternation fell upon the party like a thunderbolt. Confusion lay on them like a funeral pall, and "clothed them as with a garment." Dead silence followed, in the midst of which, Philip arose up, ashen pale, and answered:

"I have done so, madame, for the last time." His voice was low, and wonderfully calm, but his eye flashed angry fire. Every one arose. Mr. Melton hurried to Katherine's side, and offered his arm; she took it mechanically, but never moved her eyes from Philip's face. "My friends," he went on, "you are witnesses of the insult my wife has put upon me—the last of a long and bitter series; witness, also, the solemn oath I take to part from her this very day and hour, and never, of my own free will, to see her in life again! Mr. Melton, I will meet you more than half way in any measure to restore this lady's freedom; she will see no more. Farewell, Katherine, once my wife—farewell, forever!"

He turned, and went out from their midst, and her presence, without another look or word. Katherine said nothing, though her white lips moved dumbly.

She stretched out her arms, as his figure disappeared, and made a step forward as if to follow him—then, with a painful, gasping sigh, she clutched with both hands convulsively at her heart, and fell to the ground like a dead woman.

Do you blame her too much to pity her? This fool who threw the jewel of her life away for the sake of a hasty word! Ah! But a stone might have pitied her, as she lay on her couch of heart-broken sorrow and pain. Wearily she called on Death to come and end her self-made misery.

He was near answering, too, only Hope stepped in before him, and whispered a blessed little secret to her heart that gave her courage to live on. So Kate crept slowly back to life after weeks of suffering, and took up, in meek submission and atonement, the cross her own fault had made; and Philip—

Stung to the very soul—humiliated beyond all expression, and before his chosen friends—wounded, both in his affections and his pride, and utterly bankrupt in means, his portion seemed, indeed, a bitter one. At first hurt pride sustained him. He returned to his former haunts and pursuits, and lived once more by his pen.

But all the warmth and glow had gone from life, and it was hard to toil with an aching heart for that which had grown so valueless—nay, so hateful; for his memories were most bitter ones, and made solitude seem a curse. Presently, to escape them, he plunged into dissipation. Not by degrees—headlong down hill he went, drinking, gambling, foremost in all mad Bohemian revels, until, in three years from his wedding day, no one would have recognized, in the broken-down, haggard, drunken, shabby, the once brilliant, talented, fortunate Philip Meriton.

There had come to him many loving, humble overtures from Kate in all this time, but though he was so fallen his pride was unconquered still, and he

and she prayed for her prison in vain. He loved her still—ay, more than ever, and longed for her—only his own sorrowful heart could tell how wearily he took, in his own conscience, too, his own full share of blame, but his resolution remained unshaken—nothing should reunite them except death. He had utterly refused to hold any direct communication with her, even by letter, and Mr. Melton, who had therefore been his messenger and adviser, had failed to effect a reconciliation; perhaps, indeed, seeing Philip's downward career, he did not very heartily try. At any rate, there they were, apparently hopelessly estranged (though Kate had never ceased to hope), when all of a sudden—without a sign of warning, Philip fell dangerously ill.

Oh, the agony! for the faithful heart that had driven him away in passionate anger but never ceased to love him—to stand, unknown, beside the fever-stricken form, and watch the restless head, grown prematurely grey with sorrow, tossing from side to side in ceaseless pain! To see the face sin and care had wrought in the hallow once so bright and handsome, and still, though so changed—so dear! Oh, the sorrow! to hear the cries—the wild, delirious ravings, and realize at last, that he had loved her still, and mourned for her through all.

"Kate—Kate! Come to me! Forgive me—forgive me. I love you—oh, my wife—my wife! Come back!" So, through night and day, for weary weeks she nursed him, and by her fond solicitude held him back from the jaws of death. He never recognized her, yet somehow her presence soothed him, and calmed his wildest mood; and at last the dreaded crisis came and passed, and Philip Meriton awoke—the mere shadow of a man, and found his long-forsaken wife watching beside his pillow.

A golden autumn day. Philip sat in the warm sunlight, half screened by the shade of trees. He was well, once more, though not very strong, and was thinking, earnestly, of returning to his work—perhaps, tomorrow. His convalescence had been tedious, a work of many months, the latter portion of which time he had employed upon a book, which, he hoped, should yet redeem his wasted life and achieve for him fame and fortune. Kate and he were reconciled. That is to say—she was forgiven—but nothing could induce him to return to her, or live with her again. No. His disgrace had been too public, his oath too deeply sworn. But he forgave her. They would think of each other kindly, and meet sometimes as dear friends, he had said, and she had acquiesced—although with tears, and with the singular stipulation (as he thought), that she should meet a person—very dear to her, although as yet unknown to him; some one who was most deeply interested in their history, and had comforted her much in all her sorrow—and should listen patiently to what this mysterious person had to say to him before making up his mind to go away from her forever. He had consented to this. He owed her some concession for all her care of him he thought, and he sighed as he reflected how vain her hope must prove—how powerless the voice of any stranger must needs be, when his own heart—that loved her—cried for her—yearned over her with anguish, was hourly silenced by his sinful, stubborn pride, and pleaded for re-union in vain. He was alone, for Kate had gone to the city, close by, to fetch the friend from whom she hoped so much; he missed her sadly, and was thinking sorrowfully enough, of how he had condemned himself to go on, missing her through all the years of all his life to come, when he heard her gentle voice beside him, and turned quickly towards the sound.

"Ah, Kate, you have got back at last," he said. "And where is your friend?"

He stopped, suddenly, astonished at her look, and wondering. She seemed like one transfixed. All trace of care and tears had passed away—a glorious ray of light was on her face, and a wondrous light, of love, and hope, and triumph, shone in her lovely eyes. She stood, apparently alone, and held both hands behind her. The fluttering breath came short and quick through her parted lips—her whole form trembled; her agitation was so great that its contagion touched him too, and rising impulsively, he was coming towards her, when, suddenly removing her hands, she stepped aside and disclosed—a lovely boy—blue-eyed, brown-haired, and of some two years old, who caught at the folds of her dress again, and raised to Philip's a rosy face the very baby image of his own, and cried out, "mamma! mamma!"

Then catching him in her arms she held him towards her husband, who, at last, back, conscience-stricken at the sight, and sank upon her knees before him.

"Look at him!" she cried. He is your son, Philip—our son. This is the comforter who cheered my lonely years of sorrow—this is the advocate that Heaven's mercy has sent to plead his mother's cause! Oh, look at him, beloved! oh, hear him, and then say you will abandon us again? Oh, my darling," setting the child upon the ground, and appealing to him with clasped hands and streaming eyes, "it

is your father, speak to him—ask him to stay with us—think—what is it that little Philip has to say to his papa?"

There was silence for a moment—the little one glanced from her to the stranger with innocent, wondering eyes, then, seeming, all of a sudden to remember his pretty lesson and make up his baby mind, he toddled over to his father's side, who sat, gazing on him, stunned and trembling, and resting a tiny hand upon his knee, and peering up half-confiding, half-inquisitive, into his face, lisped out:

"Oo is my papa? Oo is tum home aden? Oh, please don't 'ave my mamma any more!"

And laughed, and shouted, and flung his fat arms around his mother's neck, in happy glee at having spoken his part.

The baby touch—the baby voice—broke all pride's barriers down; with a cry of mingled love, and grief, and joy, he fell upon his knees beside them, and clasped them to his heart together—wife and child.

All was forgiven—forgotten. Little Philip's baby-prayer had won full pardon for his mother's fault, and exorcised his father's demon—pride; and in the happiness of re-union, and the love of their little son they buried for ever the memory of Kate's hasty word, and the misery that came of it.

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SUMMER SCHEDULE.

IN EFFECT APRIL 25TH, 1878.

TRAINS SOUTH-BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Leave Cincinnati	7:55 am	9:55 am	11:55 am
Lawrence	8:15	10:15	12:15
Walton	8:35	10:35	12:35
Williamstown	8:55	10:55	12:55
Georgetown	9:15	11:15	1:15
Lexington	9:35	11:35	1:35
Nicholasville	9:55	11:55	1:55
High Bridge	10:15	12:15	2:15
Arr. Lexington	10:35	12:35	2:35
Arr. High Bridge	10:55	12:55	2:55
Arr. Nicholasville	11:15	1:15	3:15
Arr. Williamstown	11:35	1:35	3:35
Arr. Georgetown	11:55	1:55	3:55
Arr. Lexington	12:15	2:15	4:15
Arr. Cincinnati	12:35	2:35	4:35

TRAINS NORTH-BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Leave Cincinnati	7:55 am	9:55 am	11:55 am
Lawrence	8:15	10:15	12:15
Walton	8:35	10:35	12:35
Williamstown	8:55	10:55	12:55
Georgetown	9:15	11:15	1:15
Lexington	9:35	11:35	1:35
Nicholasville	9:55	11:55	1:55
High Bridge	10:15	12:15	2:15
Arr. Lexington	10:35	12:35	2:35
Arr. High Bridge	10:55	12:55	2:55
Arr. Nicholasville	11:15	1:15	3:15
Arr. Williamstown	11:35	1:35	3:35
Arr. Georgetown	11:55	1:55	3:55
Arr. Lexington	12:15	2:15	4:15
Arr. Cincinnati	12:35	2:35	4:35

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Arr	Burgin (1).....	12 00 pm		
Leave	Burgin.....	12 30	8 29	4 28
"	Harrodsburg June (5).....	12 33	8 32	4 34
"	Danville.....	12 55	8 48	5 00
"	Danville Junction (6).....	1 10	9 00	5 21
"	Kings Mountain.....	2 05	6 52
Arr	Somerset.....	3 05	8 30